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We will be ready to do all kinds of Heating and Plumbing work after March 1st, and will gladly give estimates on all work.

All Material Used Will Be of First Grade

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Under the Auspices of the Western Neb. Breeders Ass'n

Wednesday, March 17

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APPLES WERE RIPE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Evelyn roamed aimlessly, but with exceeding enjoyment, through the lovely Long Island road. She hoped her destination would be the Nassau station and thence by train back to the city, but Evelyn's country jaunts did not always lead her in the direction she fancied she was going.

On this particular Saturday afternoon in late September she was anywhere but near the Nassau station. Evelyn was not, however, aware of this fact nor of anything save the extreme freshness of the air and the joy of being away from the small office on Broadway, where she read numerous stories by authors and authors in the making. Each Saturday, as it rolled along in the summer time, found her far from Broadway and sometimes too far in the heart of the country for her own safety. On more than one occasion she had been forced by the shades of night to beg a night's lodging in the nearest farmhouse.

Evelyn always reserved the time between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning for herself. During the week she was, as an editor, at the beck and call of anyone who chanced into the office, and so every week-end she gave to her own company and took her tramps alone. It was thus that she managed to slip into her office chair Monday mornings with a clear vision and eyes unwearyed and cheeks fresh with color of new life.

"You great big beautiful sun," she whimsically remarked to the crimson ball that was slowly climbing down behind the trees; you seem to have just dashed across the sky today, and yet I suppose you have really taken your leisure." Evelyn heaved a sigh, for this was Sunday evening and the next morning would have to see her at her desk heaped high with manuscripts.

She was swinging past an orchard in which the apples were red and ripe and casting their fruity fragrance into her hungry senses. Evelyn couldn't remember having wanted anything in the way of food as much as she wanted some of those rosy apples.

Desire harnessed to physical ability tempted her to leap over the fence and plier her choice from the orchard just as any small, hungry boy would do, but conscience bade her proceed farther and perhaps secure her apples honestly from a farm hand.

Evelyn was rewarded for her honorable intentions by seeing a sign a bit farther on which stated that apples were for sale, and she pranced joyfully through a dilapidated pathway overhung with grape vines to a shockingly unkempt but curiously charming cottage.

She knocked in vain on the paintless door and finally with an unladylike vehemence. However, there was no response, and Evelyn's desire for apples only increased with the difficulty of procuring some.

Discouraged, she started away, but as she passed the odoriferous orchard, she decided to help herself and leave payment for what she took.

She selected six beauties, pondered a moment as to their selling price and took a 50-cent piece from her purse, rummaged among notes, powder puffs and numerous feminine appurtenances until she discovered an errant handkerchief. Into this she put her money, and with a short bit of string secured it to the branch or an apple tree—that would catch the eye of the farmer when he should return to his ramshackle cottage.

Munching contentedly at an apple, Evelyn continued her way along the road, and in the course of time arrived back in the city and at her small apartment, the rent of which had been raised to a shocking height only the day before.

It was during the month of November—Evelyn remembered well the day—that she received a splendid story from one of the newer writers.

"He may have been struggling for years and years," thought Evelyn, "but his name is only creeping about magazine circles now."

She had not forgotten the incident of the apples, because her brain seldom erased any of her wonderful etchings of country rambles. They were all very precious to her and this story coming from the pen of a vivid writer gave Evelyn a fierce hunger for the days of a summer past.

She knew, of course, that the incident of the story was just one of the dainty accessories to a good story—that finding of fifty cents in a handkerchief tied to the branch of a tree. It had been brought into the story as one of the quaint experiences of one who dwelt on the broad country road.

So unusual was the coincidence of that idle moment of her own having drifted into this stranger's story and that very story having come into her own editorial hands that Evelyn was tempted to carry on the other side of the tale. She wanted to dash into a taxi, take a train for Glen Cove and the ramshackle cottage, find the young author seated before a fire with his pipe in his mouth dreaming of more stories, fall madly in love with him and live happy ever after.

Instead of that Evelyn dictated a most editorial letter to John Cutstone telling him that his story was charming and offering him \$150 for it. She

added also that she would be interested in meeting him should he be in town in the near future.

So John Cutstone was in town in the near future. In fact, he took the first train out of Glen Cove after he had motored down to the village post office and got his letter from Evelyn Monroe, editor of the "Boast."

It was, as always happens in the best of fiction, a case of almost instantaneous love—at least, the instant Evelyn found her hand in that of John Cutstone she had a wonderful feeling of contentment. John knew that with Evelyn's eyes looking into his he had found something he thought only existed in romantic fiction.

"Your cottage is painfully in need of paint," was the editor's stupid remark.

"I will paint it next spring," John promised, "I was too busy gardening and writing all these stories that have been bringing me in big checks to do any dolling up around the place." Had his eyes been anywhere but fixed steadily on her face John would have turned in surprise to ask: "And how do you know anything about my shack?"

"I happen to have been the poor city worker who purchased the apples and left my best handkerchief—"

"By jove, no! I have speculated a hundred times beside my fire as to the identity of that quaint wanderer, but never for a moment expected—" A wonderful blush springing into the editor's cheeks reminded Cutstone just in time that he had only three minutes before met Evelyn Monroe, and that even in the best of fiction the hero isn't quite likely to propose on so short an acquaintance. "So—famous a person," he tactfully finished and watched the blush recede unwillingly.

"You are to be the famous one," Evelyn said with sweetly serious eyes fixed on the author; "your touch is very, very charming. A rich and broad experience in life as you go along year by year should produce in you the power to become a writer of the highest order."

It was Cutstone now who flushed, but his eyes did not waver from the vision that was before them—a vision rich and broad and so wonderful as to make the editorial office seem a thing of fragrance and flowers and blue skies.

"I am on my way to those experiences," he said softly, "and I am a fairly swift runner."

NEW YORKERS HONOR POET.

Cottage Where Edgar Allan Poe Lived and Dreamed Has Been Preserved for Posterity.

Edgar Allan Poe is America's best-loved writer abroad, according to Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the famous Spanish novelist. The author's greatest afternoon in America was the one set aside for a quiet visit to the humble and tragic home of the author of "The Raven" and "The Cask of Amontillado."

Poe's cottage is a quaint little one-story frame house, painted white, on the Grand Concourse on the upper fringe of the city. The ground around it has been dedicated and is known as Poe park. The building is just the same as it was when Poe lived there in company with his fantastic satans and ethereal sweethearts.

A party of five went with Ibanez. It was just dark when they arrived at the Poe home. The air was chilly and dank, as Poe would have said. Six or seven candles splintered feebly against the walls and threw fantastic shadows into the small bedroom where, so history hath it, the author of "The Raven" had spent so many nights of anguish and unearthly vision.

It is strange but there are very few New Yorkers who know where Poe lived and they have never seen the park or the little tragic cottage. The only indication that it was the home of the genius of the odd is the little black raven painted in the front.

There is a little porch, much like a modern doll-house porch. At night Poe used to sit out there alone with the stars, smoking and dreaming. Then he was in the wilderness, for New York was many miles away. Off to his right was the Hudson and the Jersey coast.

Around about him were all sorts of night cries. He loved the mysterious walls, the ghostly shadows that creep about at night. Many ambitious writers go there at night now to drink in the mental pictures that came to Poe—but instead are howls of the Bronx kiddies, the honk of the auto, the grind of car wheels and all the complex noises of a congested center.

British Convict System.

The largest British convict prison is Dartmoor, writes T. C. Bridges in the New Illustrated, and here the number of prisoners may rise at times to as many as 1,200. At Dartmoor the buildings have all been constructed by convict labor, the gas is made by them, the cooking done by them, while convicts grow the vegetables, care for the live stock and cultivate the farm. They make, mend and wash all the clothes, both for themselves and for their warders; they make and mend their beds, while all the utensils used in the cells—the tin cups, dishes and jugs—are made on the spot.

Production of Turpentine.

This country supplies practically half of the turpentine and rosin used in the world. In the five years 1910-15 it produced 31,800,000 gallons of the former and 3,700,000 barrels of the latter. In 1910 the value of the turpentine and rosin exported was \$35,935,000.

To whom are you going to sell your Hay and Grain? The Harrington Mercantile Co. will offer the highest prices.

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Mutual Building and Loan Association, Of North Platte, Nebraska.

RESOURCES OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

The Association has unlimited funds at its command to assist in the building or purchase of homes for the people of North Platte. If you are interested, the officers of this Association will render every assistance and show you how easy it is to acquire your own home.

T. C. PATTERSON, BESSIE F. SALISBURY,
President. Secretary.

Land and Stock At Public Auction.

The undersigned will sell at public auction at the Bartholomew place 20 miles northwest of North Platte and 12 miles south of Tryon and 2½ miles west of west Tryon mail route.

Tuesday, March 9th, 1920,

at ten o'clock sharp.

1120 ACRES OF LAND

All in one body; 480 acres of deeded land, 640 acres of school leases, located 20 miles northwest of North Platte and twelve miles south of Tryon in Lincoln and McPherson counties. Terms on land, Half Cash, balance to suit purchaser. This land will be sold after stock sale.

39 HEAD OF CATTLE

Four head of milk cows, 13 three year old heifers, some with calf, 7 coming 2 year old steers and heifers, 12 coming yearling calves, one Registered Hereford Bull 4 years old, one grade Hereford Bull coming 2 years old and one stock cow.

30 HORSES AND MULES

Five of which are work horses, the others are unbroken and from yearlings up. The twelve mules range from 2 to 3 years old.

Ten Head of Young Brood Sows, weighing about 250 pounds each.

FARM MACHINERY

2 discs, spring wagon, 3 farm wagons, one 3-inch tire, one 4-inch with tight box, one narrow tire with hay rack, 3 two-rows, 6 shovel riding cultivators, Trybell riding lister, two 14-inch walking plows, 4 sod breakers, Hears 4-row sprayer, 2 shovel plows, Champion hay sweep, two 5-foot McCormick and one 6-foot McCormick mowers, Deering 10-foot hand dump rake, hay rack, 4 sets of work harness, stock saddle, 2 hole corn sheller, incubator and brooder, sled, blacksmith tools, some lumber, 1 range, 1 heater, trash burner, three-hole Perfection oil burner and other household goods and other articles.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

Terms of Sale—\$20 and under cash; sums over 20, 8 months' time will be given on bankable paper bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale.

Chas. Bartholomew and Norman McCurtain

COL. H. M. JOHANSEN, Auctioneer.

F. C. PIELSTICKER, Clerk

PUBLIC SALE

As I am leaving the farm I will sell at my place three and one-half miles north of North Platte, on

MONDAY, MARCH 8th, 1920,

Commencing at 12 o'clock, the following described property, to-wit:

28 Head of Cattle

9 milch cows 3 to 6 years old, two will be fresh soon; 4 coming 2 year old heifers; 4 coming 2 year old steers, 11 yearling calves.

28 Head of Horses,

Team of geldings 6 years old, weight 2200; team of bay mares, 4 and five years old, weight 2100; team bay mares 6 and 7 years old, weight 2100; team of gelding 5 years old, weight 2000; team bay driving horses 8 years old, weight 1600; 2 bay mares 3 and 4 years old, weight 1000 and 1100; brown mare 2 years old; brown mare 8 years old, weight 1100; black mare 9 years old, weight 1000, with foal; bay mare 12 years old weight 1100; bay mare 12 years old weight 1000; bay mare 2 years old; bay gelding 3 years old, weight 1000; black gelding 2 years old; sorrel gelding 4 years old, weight 1000; brown saddle pony, 4 years old, weight 850; brown saddle pony 7 years old, weight 800; 3 yearling colts; 2 mules, 2 years old.

FARM MACHINERY

Deering mower, Champion sweep, 12-foot McCormick rake, 2 listers, 14-inch mold board breaking plow, two-row 14-inch riding plow, disc, 3-section harrow, 2 cultivators, 3 bugles, 3-inch tire wagon, set single driving harness, set double harness, 2 sets of work harness, saddle and other articles too numerous to mention.

FREE LUNCH AT 11:30

TERMS OF SALE—\$20 and under cash; sums over \$20, 8 months' time will be given on bankable paper bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale. No property to be removed till settled for.

JOHN WING, Owner.

ED KIERIG, Auctioneer.

RAY C. LANGFORD, Clerk.